Disappointed.

Hugh Beverley never meant to marry. He had been of that way of thinking for ten years or more now, and he was at present six and-thirty.

His sister, Mrs. Valentine, was therefore quite safe in counting so confidently upon his portion of the Beverley property going to her two little boys, one of whom was his bachelor uncle's godchild and favorite.

Hugh Beverley had no earthly objection to her thus counting. Only he sometimes wished she would not make her anticipations so visible. It would be in better taste to veil them more.

However, poor Clara had always been rather worldly. And with this reflection Beverley folded that lady's letter—scented and sealed with crest—and walked down the stairs of the little Tyrolean inn, where he was temporarily stopping in his wanderings, and out upon the covered balcony, which commanded a view of the quaintly picturesque village street.

He had been sitting there with a meditative cigar some little time when hurried footsteps roused him from his reverie, and he saw a slender slip of a girl very young, and looking very frightened and white, hastily accost the landlord and speak to him.

The man gave some reply, and the girl turned quickly, almost running up the street. Mine host sauntered into the house and presently re-emerged.

"A bad business—a bad business!" shaking his head. "That lady is very ill."

"The mother of that young girl?" asked Beverley, putting two and two together.

"Yes; they have been here some weeks. The mother's been going rapidly. Bad business—bad business! The girl, poor thing! did not seem to fear anything serious. Guess there isn't much money either," concluded the man evidently on his own interest intent.

"Who are they—Americans?" queried Beverley.

Yes; they were country women of his, or rather, the young girl was, for in the course of the night, the mother, whose name was registered upon mine host's books, "Mrs. Robert Ventnor, New York," passed away, leaving her daughter alone.

Beverley did not learn of the death until the next morning.

He was leaving his room, when in the hall, he came upon the landlord and his wife, talking in slightly lowered voices, and with expresive shrugs of the shoulders.

A neighboring door stood open, and a stark form, covered with a sheet, within, told the tale. Near the bed sat the young girl of yesterday—motionless, with clasped hands and a rigid face.

"There's no money to do anything with," said the landlord, with another shrug of the shoulders, to Beverley.

"Good Heavens!" the latter stood appalled; "don't let that stand in the way. I'll do anything that is to be done."

The landlord made a sign to the girl inside the room, and before Beverley could divine his purpose, she stood before them.

"This gentleman says he will pay everything for you," announced the man; "there's something left on the bill, too," he added in a lower tone.

He was really no harder and no worse than many of his fellow-creatures; he simply had the bump of acquisitiveness very largely developed.

Beverley looked at the girl with a sudden deep pity. She stood tall and straight in her shabby black dress.

She glanced up at him with her large mournful eyes.

"Thank you," she said. No muscle of her face moved.

"Poor child! She is stunned," thought Beverley. The pale girlish face pursued him all that day.

On the next all that was mortal of Mrs. Ventnor was laid to rest in the little grave-yard, with its fantastic iron crosses and grotesque beaded wreaths hanging on the same, at the end of the village street, thousands of miles from her native land. Perhaps it was a happy release. She had been a wanderer for years, going about from place to place in search of health that would not come at the bidding; hope and courage, and friends and means, growing less season by season.

The slender girl, who now turned away from the new-made mound, upon which by Beverley's thoughtfulness, some fresh flowers had been laid, had been familiar with the make-shifts of genteel poverty ever since she had grown from a joyless childhood into aimless early womanhood.

Poor Lucille Ventnor! hers had not been a happy girlhood.

She had not spoken a word as she walked back to the house, and Beverley, who found himself, by the unexpected developments of fate, in some measure constituted this unknown girl's sole present friend and guardian, knew not how to broach the question of her plans and movements for the future which had now become imminent.

At length he spoke to the landlady:

"You must rouse her from her lethargy. A young girl like that can't stay on here alone in this strange inn. You must ask her whether she has no friends to whom she can write and whom she can acquaint with her condition."

But when the girl was spoken to she answered: "No, there is no one." After pushing back the dark hair from her face with a rapid movement, she seemed to be looking with large, frightened, horror-stricken eyes into the hard strange world upon which she was thus suddenly thrust.

Beverely went out upon the balcony and smoked another meditative cigar and there, in sight of the blue Tyrolean hills, came to a decision. Clara Valentine was living in Paris since her husband's death, and she had the means to give this girl a home.

No sooner thought of than done. Beverely had himself announced to Miss Ventnor, and in a few kind words offered her his sister's protection.

"I am going to Paris myself to-morrow. If you will be ready I will take you directly to my sister's home."

For a moment the young girl stood speechless. Then, raising her eyes to the kind dark ones bent on her, the long tension abruptly gave way, and she burst into an uncontrollable hysterical weeping fit.

Beverely was horrified. But the young girl came herself to his assistance. She mastered herself after a moment with a violent effort, and dried her tears.

"I beg your pardon,' she said simply; "I could not help it. You are very kind to me. Thank you."

The large pathetic eyes looked up to him with childlike confidence.

"I shall be ready to-morrow whenever you say."

When Beverley turned away there was a lump in his throat.

* * * * * * *

"Well, this is about the most utterly preposterous thing I ever heard of in my life! And you, of all men, to be mixed up in anything of the kind."

This was Mrs. Valentine's first exclamation when left alone after her brother's arrival with Lucille Ventnor.

He had telegraphed to his sister in order to take the first edge off her surprise, and then, when Lucille had been conducted to her room, had stated the case briefly and forcibly to her.

Mrs. Valentine was by no means an unfeeling woman under most circumstances, but in this case it distinctly seemed to her that her bachelor brother had been by no means called on to interfere. Someone else might have taken charge of the girl, she said with irritation.

"Who?" enquired Beverley. "She is absolutely alone in the world, poor child! And she was there penniless among strangers."

"Good Heavens, Hugh! what if she were? Do you think it was making her lot easier to compromise the girl?"

"Compromise her? What do you mean?" Beverley flushed darkly.

Mrs. Valentine knew that look in her brother's face, and generally avoided it.

"Of course it is compromising to her to have brought her here alone with you—a young girl like that—who has no claim upon you," she said, shrugging her shoulders, but speaking with less excitement.

"She is about twenty years younger than I," said Beverley, in a tone he did not often use, "and it is unworthy of you, Clara, to bring in any such word or thought in connection with her or me. Come," he added, dropping again into his nonchalant *bonhomie* manner, "you have a better heart than you want to show, Clara. Drop a little of your worldliness, and be kind to this child. She needs kindness sorely. I'm going back to Germany to-morrow, and I shall leave her with you."

Mrs. Valentine knew better than to make any further demur, but the irritation remained.

"To come all the way here just to bring that girl, and then start off again next day! And then he is indignant because I call it compromising. That a man of the world like Hugh should indulge in anything so crazily quixotic."

Nevertheless, she was not, in her way, unkind to Lucille. She was according to her lights, very generous to her, presenting her with mourning outfit to take the place of the poor child's scant and rusty black.

"She is very pretty," she said to herself, the first time that the girl appeared in one of those plain, neatly-fitting gowns—"very. I wonder if Hugh noticed it?"

Upon the whole she was just as well pleased that Hugh had gone back to Germany.

Lucille had begged, from the first day, to be allowed to take charge of the little boys, and as the latter took to her very kindly, there was no objection to her doing so. And gradually she pleaded to have sundry other duties assigned her, until Mrs. Valentine had perforced to acknowledge that she was most willing, most anxious not to eat the bread of charity, and that which was certainly not the least good thing about her, considerably useful to herself.

The little Parisian household had, therefore, settled down upon a calm and comfortable basis when Beverley, with the suddenness which usually characterised his movements, reappeared.

He never came to Paris at this season of the year, and Mrs. Valentine reminded him of the fact with some sharpness.

"Oh, I though I would try it," he said carelessly. And he remained on without any very definite purpose that Mrs. Valentine could see, day after day and week after week.

Mrs. Valentine's temper began to grow very uncertain as time went by. Her brother did not, perhaps, notice the fact, but others did, and Lucille chief among the number.

One day the gathering storm broke loose. Beverly was sitting unconcernedly in his sister's pretty boudoir when the latter, with an uncontrollable irritation, asked him how much longer he thought she should keep Miss Ventnor.

"Why," queried Beverly, looking up quickly, "has she shown any desire to go?"

"She? No!" cried Mrs. Valentine, impatiently. "But you don't expect the girl to go on living in perpetuity this way, do you? I understand, of course, that you thought we might give her a home until other arrangements could be made for her. She must have someone friend or relation—some kith or kin to whom she can turn for protection!"

"She has no one, Clara," said Beverley coldly, "and you know it. She is earning her living with you, as the poor girl would have to do elsewhere. You need a nursery governess for the boys——"

"Let her be nursery governess somewhere else!" cried Mrs. Valentine, exasperated.

"You have taken a dislike to Miss Ventnor, Clara," said her brother slowly. "Why?"

"It is you who have taken an unaccountable liking to her. I believe you are in love with the girl!"

"Clara!"

Beverley's voice contained a note of warning. He had turned pale. But Mrs. Valentine's prudence had forsaken her.

"Yes, indeed, I do think so. Blanche Conway is forgotten at last, it seems."

The words were scarcely spoken before Mrs. Valentine could have bitten her tongue out for uttering them.

She was frightened and sorry. It was a very sore spot in her brother's memory that she had touched. She was going to make such blundering amends as she could when the portiere was hastily drawn aside, and they both saw Lucille Ventnor on the threshold.

"I have heard every word," the girl began. There was not a vestige of color in her face, but her voice was steady and her gaze brave and direct.

"I did not mean to; but I was going through the next room, and I stopped before I knew it. Forgive me, and let me go. You have been very, very kind to me, I shall never forget it. But I must not be the cause of misunderstanding. I see now that I should not have stayed so long."

She paused suddenly and put her hand to her head.

"Never mind, child—never mind," Said Mrs. Valentine soothingly.

She was rather startled at this *denouement* to the scene she had brought about But Beverly said very quietly:

"Enough, Clara. Let Miss Ventnor do as she thinks fit."

And Lucille turned, and left the room.

"Perhaps it is just as well that she did hear," Mrs. Valentine reflected when her brother, too, had gone, leaving her alone. "If I can only get her away quietly now, and before anything happens!"

She did put her fears into a more precise formula than this of "anything happening." Had she been called upon to particularize, however, she would have said impatiently that "of course it would be extremely trying to have Hugh at this late day marrying an obscure and penniless girl twenty years his junior.

Meanwhile, Beverley had gone to the ante-room, which led into his little nephews' school room, and taking a book had sat down in the window.

A very short time passed before Lucille came hastily through.

She started on seeing him, and made motion as though to escape. Her eyes were red with weeping.

Beverley quickly laid a firm detaining hand upon her arm.

"I don't want you to go, Miss Ventnor. I want you to stay—as my wife."

The words were spoken. For a minute they both looked in silence into each other's eyes.

"Oh, no, no!" cried Lucille then. "That can't be. Let me go!"

But Beverley, in that one moment, had learned her secret too. He smiled and gently took her hand.

"My child, I have loved you from the very first, since you looked at me with those pathetic eyes the day your mother died. My poor lost lamp, left alone in this bleak world! Do I seem too old for you, Lucille! Believe me, dear, I will cherish you as the apple of my eye."

What other fond nonsense he whispered over the dark head pillowed on his breast it behooves us not to know Presently he said:

"There is one thing more, Lucille You heard my sister mention a woman's name. You have doubtless heard her say, too, that I never meant to marry. Perhaps the two things are connected in your mind. I did love that woman long years ago, dear. But she was unworthy. It was a deep wound. I thought it would never heal—but it is obliterated now—gone—forgotten—since the day when I found my poor little girl alone in that Tyrolean inn? Is all clear to you now, Lucille, mine?"

In words Beverley had no reply, but he seemed to wish for none; her eyes spoke.

Suddenly, blushing rosy red, she disengaged herself from the strong encircling arm.

"Oh, what will Mrs. Valentine say?" she murmured. "She will be so—so——"

"Disappointed?" supplemented Beverley "Poor Clara! I'm afraid so;' and he laughed. "But she is excellent at bottom. She will get over it, dear."

GARFIELD'S TOMB.

The Guard to be Removed—The Ex-President's Casket.

Philadelphia Times.

From private sources at Washington it is learned that the soldiers on guard at Garfield's tomb are to be removed on January 1st next. The tomb has now been guarded by the military for four years. The detachment of soldiers which was ordered to mount guard on the iron gates and prevent a despoilment which was never threatened and never really feared is still there. Nightly the sentinel strides back and forth, a curiosity to screech owls in the trees and a fatal and unnecessary warning to the agents of medical colleges whose scientific research takes no thought of dead presidents. Not long ago a story was in circulation that one of the soldiers on guard in Lake View cemetery had become insane and had been sent to the government asylum at Washington. The story has never been verified and at the tomb nothing can be learned of the affair, which is clouded in mystery.

Awaiting the construction of the Garfield monument, the remains of Ohio's favorite son rest in the Scofield vault, half a mile from the site selected for the monument. Garfield's coffin is in plain sight of all who pass along the principle roadway of the cemetery. The casket rests about two feet from the floor, presenting a side view to the outside world. Looped and tasseled drapery of a brownish color conceals the framework or trestles or whatever may support the casket. A vase of living flowers is placed on the floor between the gateway and the drapery thus described and there is barely room for it. Another bunch of flowers is placed on the coffin directly over the dead president's folded arms. A low temporary wire fence incloses a space of about ten feet in front of the vault, and outside of this the soldier-sentinel, in a new uniform, with shoes polished, white gloves on his hands, and his gun with fixed bayonet at "right shoulder shift," paces with steady and unremitting tread and with a fixed observance of all military rules.

The Rhode Island Rebellion.

The government of Rhode Island was conducted under the charter granted in 1683 by Charles II., incorporating the colony of "Rhode Island and Providence Plantations" for 180 years. Under this charter, at the breaking out of the Revolution, the lower house of the legislature consisted of six deputies from Newport four each from Providence, Portsmouth and Warwick, and two from each of the other towns. The right of suffrage was restricted to owners of a freehold worth $134, or renting for $7 a year, and their eldest sons. In process of time the inequality of representation under the charter, which continued to increase with the increase of population, caused much dissatisfaction. In 1840 Providence, with 23,171 inhabitants, had only four representatives. while Newport with but 7,333 inhabitants had six members in the legislature. Of the seventy-two representatives elected in that year, thirty-eight were chosen form towns having only 29,026 inhabitants and 2,846 voters; while the remaining thirty-four were from towns having 79,804 inhabitants and 5,776 voters. Various attempts to have the matter reformed through the legislature having failed. Suffrage associations were organized in the latter part of 1840 and the early part of 1841, which, at a mass convention held at Providence July 5, 1841, authorized their state committee to call a convention to frame a constitution. Delegates were elected August 28, and October 4 the convention reassembled at Providence. A constitution was framed and was submitted to the people at an election held December 27, 28, and 19. It is said that at this election over 14,000 votes were cast in favor of adopting this constitution, being a majority of the male citizens of the state. It was further asserted that this included also a majority of those entitled to vote under the charter. An election for state officers under this constitution was therefore called for April 18, 1842, when Thomas Wilson Dorr, the most prominent leader of the suffrage movement, was chosen governor. May 3, Mr. Dorr's government attempted to orgnize at Providence, and to seize the reins of power. They were resisted by the regular state government, at the head of which was Governor Samuel W. King. May 18, a part of the suffrage party gathered at Providence under arms, and attempted to seize the arsenal, but dispersed on the approach of Governor King with a military force. They assembled again to the number of several hundred June 25, at Chepachet, but on the appearance of the state military they dispersed without resistance, and the rebellion was at an end by June 28. Mr. Dorr was arrested, tried, and convicted of high treason, and in June, 1844, was sentenced to imprisonment for life. In 1847 he was released under the act of general amnesty, and in 1854 was restored to his civil and political rights. In the meantime the legislature, on Febuary 6, 1841, called a convention to frame a new constitution. The delegates were elected in August, and in the following February they met and framed a constitution which was however, rejected by the people in the election of the following month. A second convention being called, another constitution was agreed upon, which was ratified by the people almost unanimously, and which went into effect in May, 1843. The property restriction in the old charter, it should be noted, was retained in the new constitution and is still inforced, but eldest sons of property-holders have no longer any special privileges.

The erection of a new Presbyterian church at Harper is soon to commence.

GOING DOWN TO DINNER.

The Rigid Laws of Precedence in English Society.

New York Sun.

As a rule, scant deference is shown to Americans in this matter of precedence. Neither hospitality nor courtesy is said to be in question, but the law. Now, the law may be very well for Englishmen, by whom, and for whom it was made, but it can hardly apply to foreigners, who are neither referred to in its provissons nor comprehended in its denominations or degress. The English, however habitually apply their own rules and their own ideas on every subject to everybody else. They recognize neither military, nor literary, nor even political distinction among themselves when there is question of rank; a general goes behind his aide de-camp if the latter is a lord and the general is not; the greatest writer in the land, Browning or Froude, or until the other day, Tennyson, would be preceded by any blockhead of a baron; and the Prince Minister, if a commoner, gives way to peers of his own creation. So, American gentlemen, and ladies too, of what ever consideration at home, are usually sent to the foot of the table, because they possess no English titles. European dignitaries are recognized, for they correspond to those in the English peerage, but our unofficial countrymen do not usually fare so well. Both ex-President Filmore and ex-President Pierce were in London soon after the expiration of their terms of office, dined at different times with different ministers of foreign affairs. Each was sent to the table without a lady and behind the rest of the company. They were plain gentlemen, it was said, and, if the Americans give their ex-Presidents no rank, why, should we?" To Gen. Grant, it is true, except in one conspicuous instance, was given precedence of everybody in England except the royal family, but his case had neither parallel nor precedent.

There are, however, English houses where simply as strangers the place of honor is given to Americans. This is of course among people who have seen much of the world and discovered that even in civilized nations, usages may exist different from those of England, and that persons of consequence can be found in other countries who yet are not the bearers of English titles. The greater the house the greater the consideration an American is likely to receive. If he dines with a duke, the chances are that he will go in with the duchess; if the host is a recent arrival in the great world, he will have no lady, and will probably enter last.

But the rule does not always hold: I was dining once with a woman of rank, who was also a personal friend. The company included two marquises, one of whom was a cousin of the hostess, and a man of cosmopolitan breeding. Before dinner this nobleman came up to me and said:

"I have been telling my cousin that you had ought to take her in, but she says 'No;' she likes you very well, but you can't go before a Marquis. Insisted that, as a foreigner and an official, you should precede; but she will not yeild."

Mr. Lecky, the historian, was present, and I was then new in English society; so with all the simplicity of a Republican, I replied:

"Mr. Lecky is the most distinguished man in the room. Shouldn't he take Lady Mary?"

But the liberal Marquis at once exclaimed:

'Oh! Mr. Lecky is an Englishman. He must take his place."

So Lady Mary went in with a vapid youth of 22, because he was a Marquis, and the most emiaent person at dinner had no lady, and went last.

Nancy Hart.

Savannah (Ga) News.

The general reader may or may not know that Hart county, in northeast Georgia was named after a woman—one ingorant of letters and the nice civilities of life; plain, coarse and pointed of speech when aroused, yet she had a love of liberty and a tender regard for those she called friends. She figured in the days of the revolutionary war in Elbert county and did good service for her country.

She was fearless, bold and aggressive, and had self reliance and courage that never forsook her in the hour of danger. She was a great lover of the liberty boys, as she called the Whigs, and her heart was bitter against the Tories and Britons. A party of Tories, in their hunt for some Whigs, called at her house in Elbert county and asked to have dinner. Said Nancy Hart:

"I never feed King's men if I can help it; the villains have put it out of my power to feed even my own family and friends by stealing and killing all my poultry and pigs, except that old gobbler you see in the yard."

"Well," said the leader of the party, "and that you shall cook for us," and shot down the gobbler.

Nancy Hart used some very strong words at the act, but in a little time seemed to take it all as a matter of necessity and began to prepare the gobbler for dinner. When cooked the Tories sat down to dinner and were having a good time of it, drinking their liquor and cracking jokes with Nancy.

The party had become merry from drink. They had cautiously stacked their arms where they were within view and within reach. Mrs. Hart would pass between them and their guns in waiting on the party. There was a crack in the log cabin, and Mrs. Hart had unobserved slipped out two of the five muskets, when she was caught in the act of slipping out the third. The Tories sprang to their feet, and Mrs. Hart threw the musket to her shoulder and swore she would kill the first man who moved, and then told her daughter Sukey to blow the horn for her father to come. As soon as the Tories heard the order one rushed at Mrs. Hart and was shot dead. Seizing another musket she pointed it at the remaining four, when Sukey came in and said: "Daddy and them will be soon here." Another Tory made an advance, and he was shot and badly wounded. Then, seizing another musket, she called upon the three Tories to surrender their d——d Tory carcasses to a Whig woman.

They agreed to surrender and shake hands upon the strength of it. But Nancy had no idea of letting them get within eight feet of her, and held them at bay until her husband and a few neighbors came up. The men wanted to shoot the Tories on the spot, but Nancy said they had surrendered to her; and that shooting was too good for them. This hint was enough; the dead man was taken out of the house; the wounded Tory and the others were bound and hung. The tree upon which they were hung was standing in 1838, and pointed out by one who lived in those bloody and brutal days.

The Tories showed no mercy to the Whigs, nor did the Whigs show any when they caught the Tories. Col. John Dooly, for whom Dooly county was named, was murdered in his own house by Tories, and his son, who was afterwards the celebrated Judge Dooly, was under the bed hid away at the time. He was at the time 10 or 12 years of age. To commemorate Nancy Hart's heroism and patriotism, Hart county was named for her.

A Three-Armed Hercules.

New York Journal.

"I never saw anything like in in my life!" exclaimed the station agent, as the train stopped and a singular-looking man was seen descending the steps of the smooking-car. The traveler was apparently about 35 years of age, stood five feet ten inches in height, was powerfully built and would probably weigh somewhere near 186 pounds. He had deepset dark blue eyes a prominent nose and chin, square jaw, and a head covered with closely cropped brown hair surmounting unusually broad shoulders, flanked by a pair of as muscular arms as one could find in a crowd of a thousand men. But the most singular thing about the man is the appearance of a thied arm, which, starting out from between the lower point of the shoulder-blades, extended outward at least three feet from the body. The arm is of extraordinary size and strength, has an easy working elbow, and ends with a hand of unusual proportions, provided with a thumb and four fingers. When not in use it is carried over the right shoulder.

The singular-looking stranger went to the baggage-car, whence the baggage-master first shoved out a huge trunk weighing at least 150 pounds, then a well filled valise, and, lastly a huge roll of blankets and furs. Taking the trunk by the back hand, the valise in the right and the blankets in the left hand, this freak of nature made his way to the nearest saloon across the street.

The stranger said his name was Orloff Kamanski and that he was born of poor but respectable parents, on the banks of the Yukon River, in Alaska, 1,500 miles above its mouth.

While he was talking Mr. Kamanski rested his natural hands upon either knee, and with his back arm over his shoulder fanned his face vigorously. Our informant, says a San Francisco paper, noticing the ease with which he handled the odd member, ventured to inquire if it discommoded him in any way.

"Oh, no," said the gentleman. "On the contrary, I find it is a great convenience. In the first place, it is the strongest limb I have. When I am eating I use a fan in my extra hand and keep the flies off my food. I can carry two buckets of water and at the same time mop the sweat off from my brow or blow my nose. I can drive six horses and at the same time hang on the seat behind. I use that arm and hand in a thousand different ways, sir."

"Are three-armed men common in your country?" inquired the listener.

"They are not uncommon, sir," replied Kamanski. "I know a great many on the Upper Yukon with three arms, among them several females. The extra hand comes in good play with the ladies, especially in combing and dressing their back hair, and in buttoning their dresses and other things. A lady with three arms is very much sought after by the Yukon beaux, and they can generally have their pick among the wealthiest dudes of the land. That extra arm and hand are very handy about a house.

"A lady possessing them can cook a meal of victuals and set the table at the same time. She can sweep the floor and carry the baby, too, without inconvenience. But beware how you offend one of them. The back hand then becomes a terrible weapon of destruction. I once saw three boot-jacks, a poker and a broom thrown at a man at once. I wouldn't part with my third arm, but I would never marry a woman with one."

Overfeeding Breeding Stock.

In connection with shows of breeding stock, as they are now conducted, there is one crying evil which seems to us to demand the serious and immediate attention of all concerned. The overfeeding of breeding stock, or of stock intended for breeding purposes, is a ruinous practice, pregnant with dissasterous influences, and unfortunately it is pursued extensively with animals exhibited at our summer breeding shows. In connection with the important annual meetings which they conduct, there is no suggested reform which calls so urgently for immediate attention as that which is the subject of our remarks. It has sometimes been averred that high feeding is inseparable from showing—that as long as breeding stock are brought into public competition, overfeeding will be pursued. There is no reason why the case should be viewed in this light. This disorder is not incurable. It unfortunately has obtained a strong hold on the show system, and mild measures would not be sufficient to remove it. An effectual remedy, however, is at hand, and all that is required is prompt, judicious, and persistent application, "Disqualification" is the only cure. If a rule providing for this were introduced by all societies and rightly enforced, the overfeeding of breeding animals would very seen become a thing of the past. As to this there is no reason for doubt. Exhibitors pursue high feeding because they have found that it has increased their chances of gaining show yard distinction. Change the showing system so as to make highfeeding a certain bar to showyard success, and no exhibitor would be so blind to his own interests as to continue the costly and distructive custom. Exhibitors are well aware of the harm high feeding is calculated to inflict upon breeding animals, but they have felt that to attempt to gain distinction in show yards with lean animals would be perfectly useless. The fault lies entirely with our show system. It has hitherto been conducted so as to encourage high feeding. It must now be altered so as not only to encourage "natural" feeding, but even so as to discourage, or rather banish, overfeeding. Until societies take the matter in hand and deal firmly with it in this way, no improvement need be looked for.

A Marvelous Rose.

In the western part of Jefferson county, Fla., there grows and blossoms into curious and magnificent beauty a rose that seems to be indigenous to a small area of country, but which will not flourish in other latitudes. The bush is a strong and vigorous one, and the leaves are very light but glossy green. The petals of the flower curve slightly inward, and are the color of bright arterial blood.

The odor is pungent, but slightly sickening, The peculiarity of this flower is that the dew that drops therefrom is of a faint pinkish cast, a marvel seen in no other flower, the baffling wonder of those who have witnessed it. It is called the Grant rose and has a sad history. Its origin is one of those mysteries with which nature at times delights to astonish her devotees.

In 1834, John Grant and Nellie Lowry were married. After a happy year of married life they and their baby were murdered by Osceola's Seminoles. A few years later a passing hunter, one of the original party that had found the bodies, happened on the same locality, and in the little hollow where the blood had gathered he saw a vigorous bush, bearing such roses as I have described. He cut some slips from it and took them to the settlement, where he related his discovery.

Such a romantic and singular story excited the curiosity of many in the adjacent counties, and repeated efforts were made to secure the growth of the slips in other places, but they have all failed of success. Within an era of five miles, where the doleful tragedy occurred, it is said the rose can still be found, with its strong and sturdy stalk, its pale green leaves, its incurved crimson petals and its bloody dew.

ALL SORTS.

Items of Interest Gathered From Every Source.

Nothing but a part of the foundation now remains of the house in which Shakspeare spent the latter portion of his life.

There is a man in Georgia who can write without knowing the alphabet, or being able to read anything but his own letters.

Sulphuret of manganese has been found in considerable quantities near Tyrone. When ground and polished it closely resembles jet.

The papers used in the famous trial of Aaron Burr for treason have been deposited in the new government building at Cincinnati.

The revenue of the Canadian Dominion in 1885 is $900,000 less than the expenditures. Last year the deficit was nearly $2,500,000.

A female member of the Salvation army at Kennebec, Me., was expelled a short time ago because she persisted in wearing feathers on her hat. She now wears more feathers than ever.

A Masonic trowel made of solid silver for General Lafayette, and which he used at the laying of the DeKalb monument in 1825, is in the possession of a family living near Camden, S. C.

Ex-Congressman Stevenson, of Ohio, who has just returned home after a five years' residence in Europe, says the principal political movement there is toward a republican form of government.

A Brazilian inventor has built a big air ship to be floated by a colossal balloon, in which he proposes to make a tour of the world.

Twelve life prisoners in the Kentucky penitentiary work at chairmaking. Not one of them is under six feet in height. Eleven of them are ex-confederate soldiers. They are all industrious, obedient, submissive, and uncomplaining.

John G. Saxe, who lives in Albany, N. Y., receives no visitors, rarely leaves his room, and no one is permitted to converse with him save his son and the faithful housekeeper who has been with him for more than a score of years.

Chinese laborers discharged since the completion of the Canadian Pacific are causing much trouble on the mainland. They resort to thievery and any illegitimate means they can employ to obtain a livelehood.

Typhoid fever is alarmingly prevalent in South Brooklyn, N. Y. Physicians are unable to assign a cause, as the disease is principally in houses that were closed during the summer.

A little girl in one of the suburbs had one day as a playmate a child named Bacon. Wishing to play with her another day she said she would "like to play with the little cooking girl."

"Blue-ribbon beer," made at Toronto and sold as a temperance drink, is found to contain between two and three per cent of alcohol, or about half as much as is put in lager beer.

The shell trade of California is assuming great proportions. A single firm at Los Angeles ships very sixty days forty tons of shells to Europe. These shells are transformed into ornaments by the art industriey of Paris and other localities.

A physician in Maryland put a human skull in a tree for safe keeping during a temporary absence, and forgot it. When he thought of it again and went to get it he found that a sparrow had taken possession and raised a family in it.

A Woman's Annoying Discovery.

A San Antonio, Tex., dispatch to the New York *Tribune* of Nov. 18 says: Green McCullough, a desperado, known all through southwest Texas, stood outside the open door of a bar room about a year ago and seeing a man inside with whom he had quarreled, raised his Winchester rifle and shot him down. His victim was one Bright. In his dying declaration he said that by the flash of the gun he recognized McCullough was arrested and put in jail. Next morning the most prominent and weathiest men of the town—bankers, merchants, lawyers, doctors—attempting no disguise, went to the jail, took McCullough out, and after hearing what he had to say hanged him.

About six months afterward his wife, who is a handsome woman with two interesting children, acting on the advice of San Antonio lawyers, brought suit against 100 of the residents of La Salle county for $200,000 damages. John A. Kerr, a banker of Cotulla, was made chief defendant. Able counsel was employed on both sides. When the case was called the plaintiff produced a number of unimpeachable witnesses, and conclusively proved that the defendants were the slayers of McCullough. The defense introduced three witnesses, who testified that McCullough was a married man when they first knew him twelve years ago, six years before he came to La Salle county; that he had married in the east, and that his first wife and two children were still living. "This closes our case," said the chief counsel for the defendants. "The plaintiff was never McCullough's lawful wife and can not recover."

She did not get a cent; she had lived with McCullough for five years and never for a moment suspected that their material relations were otherwise than correct. The prospective owner of a great sum of money, she saw herself reduced to a penniless and dishonored woman. McCullough's relations say the woman was his only wife.

Holding the Breath.

Herald of Health.

Deep breathing and holding the breath is an item of importance. Persons of weak vitality find an uninterrupted succession of deep and rapid respirations so distressing that they are discouraged from persevering in the exercise. Let such persons take into the lungs as much air as they can at a breath, and hold it as long as they can. They will find a grateful sense of relief in the whole abdominal region. Practice will increase the ability to hold the breath and the capacity of the lungs. After a time the art may be learned of packing the lungs. This is done by taking and holding the breath and then forcing more air down the trachea by swallows of air. The operation may be described by that of a fish's mouth in water. To those who have never learned it it will be surprising to what an extent the lungs may be packed. Caution at first is needful, but later practice will warrant large use of the treatment. The whole thoracic and abdominal cavities will receive immediate benefit, and continuance, with temperance in eating, and good air and right exercise, will bring welcome improvement.

A Christian church and Sunday school has been organized at Nickerson, Reno county.

REALLY A ROMANCE.

Appearance of a Missing Husband After Twenty-Seven Years.

Twenty-seven years ago, John Marsh, a livestock speculator in Buffalo, left his wife and children in that city, saying that he was going west to buy horses. Years passed and he did not return. Mrs. Marsh and her daughters removed to Cohoes, N. Y. where they obtained employment in the mills. After the war Mrs. Marsh heard that her husband had entered the army and was killed. Seventeen years ago she married Thomas Simpson, of Cohoes, and bore him several children. He died three months ago. Since his death one of Marsh's daughters consulted a clairvoyant, who informed her that her father was still alive and in Atchison, Kansas. The daughter wrote to that city and received a reply from her father, who has now followed the letter in person. Mrs. Simpson refuses to receive him, and he is endeavoring to prevail upon his daughters to return west with him. Marsh is wealthy and promises to make restitution for having left his daughters in their childhood by making them comfortable for the remainder of their lives.

Strikes Affect the Farmers.

The farmer who is quietly rusticating away from the scenes and tumults incident to crowded cities may congratulate himself that he is in no manner affected by the strikes and lockouts that occasionally occur, but such is not true. Whenever a mechanic is thrown out of employment the farmer loses just one more customer. The mechanic is compelled to reduce his expenses to the lowest possible point, and every reduction he mades decreases the demand for the productions of the farm. And the mechanic is interested in the success of the farmer, for when crops are short the mechanic must pay higher prices, while the armer has less to sell. Both classes are mutually dependent upon each other in a great many ways. Every burden that is placed upon the shoulders of either class must be borne by both. Every strike that occurs lessens the purchasing power of the strikers, and every monopolist who fattens at the expense of the working classes takes his gains through them directly from the farmers.

The Late Horace B. Claflin.

The New York Herald says of the great dry goods merchant who recently died:

"Personally, M. Claflin was very peculiar. His head was as bald as a billiard ball, his back hair hung on his shoulders in long and flowing locks, his nose was sharp and pointed, his lips thin and bloodless, his figure spare and his movements quick. He invariably walked with his hands in his pockets, with a soft felt hat far down upon his ears, his body bent forward and his eyes fixed on the far away, as though he was in a perpetual hurry, He was jolly, full of fun, sparkling and quick witted in talk, and bright, smart, fairly red, and most cordial in his welcome. Those who knew him in the counting room or in his own home knew little of him. In one he was always the alert, active dealer; in the other he was the good natured host, but in his drives upon the road, in his relaxations in the club, in his intercourse with men and women of artistic pursuits, he was one of the gayest of the gay, an even welcome guest."

The Cattle Interests.

The cattle industry of this country is a very important one. Millions of dollars capital are invested therein, and thousands of persons are given employment thereby. And yet we have not reached that point in cattle raising to which excellence may be attached. Too many steers of ignoble birth are raised for profit. We have all the opportunities for raising the best beef in the world, and all the breeds are here at our doors, ready for the service of the farmer. If he does not seize the advantages thus offered he simply accepts a small profit instead of a larger one. Double the weight can be obtained from a good animal as compared with an inferior one, and at almost the same cost. Therefore patronize the beef breeds. The Shorthorns, Herefords, Polled Angus and Galloways should be on every farm. They are cheap compared with scrubs, and the farmers should consider such fact. The cattle raising business, like any other, depends upon enterprise, and enterprise means to use the best stock for the purpose.

A Rich Dress.

An exquisite dress for the empress of Russia has just been completed by Worth, writes Lucy Hooper from Paris to the New York World. "It is in crushed strawberry velvet, the corsage made high to the throat and bordered down the front and around the collar and cuffs with a pattern of wild roses in silk of a shade lighter than the velvet, the foliage, stems and buds being worked in tiny steel and crystal beads. The long trains parts in front, and is looped at the sides to show an underskirt in pale pearl lilac satin, shot with pink, and embroidered all over in silver and crystal beads on a pattern of small scattered flowers. This underskirt is joined in front, the breadths there being embroidered at either side with bordering matching the flowers. The velvet train is bordered down the front and at the edges of the side openings with embroidery matching that upon the corsage. All these embroideries are worked upon the materials, and are as fine as human fingers could execute. A full ruffle of point d'Alencon was set in the front of the corsage and similar ruffles edged the sleeves.

"An Old Beat."

The State.

There was one pathetic incident connected with the fight. A man named Clough had served three years in the Eleventh Massachusetts, and had the reputation of being an excellent soldier, a favorite with both officers and men, and doing his duty faithfully in all positions. At the expiration of his term he re-enlisted, and was given the customary furlough of thirty days. When he returned to the regiment his nature seemed to be changed. From a cheerful, companionable man he became a chronic grumbler, and at last was generally recognized as a "beat." His old comrades bore his altered disposition for a while, but finally he was let alone with his growlings. His officers at last suspected him of a determination to desert, and watched him accordingly. When his company started into a fight the question would be, "Where is Clough?" and he generally had to be hunted up and ordered into the ranks. On this occasion he was severely wounded, being shot twice. He was brought out on a stretcher, which his lieutenant had sent in for him, and while waiting for an ambulance the officer went up to the wounded man. With a return of the old-time fire. Clough, said, "Lieutenant, have I done my duty?" Yes, Clough, like a man;" to which he replied with a touch of bitterness. "Wonder if the boys are satisfied with the damned old beat now." The boys crowded around and tried to encourage him, now ashamed of their former chaffing, and he smiled faintly and said: "Good-by boys," as they carried him away. That night the tired, broken body was out of pain, and "Old Clough" was beyond the praise or blame of human judgment.